

1981

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is bound into a dark, textured cover, which appears to be made of leather or a similar material. The overall lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the paper and the binding.

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POETRY.

From the Dublin Magazine.

THE EMBROIDRESS AT MIDNIGHT.
She pines her needle till the lamp
Is waxing pale and dim;
She hears the watchman's heavy tramp,
And she must watch like him—
Her hands are dry, her forehead damp,
Her dark eyes faintly swim.

Look on her work!—here blossom flowers,
The lily and the rose,
Bright as the gems of summer hours,
But not to die like those;
Here, falseless as in Eden's bowers,
For ever they repose.

Once, maiden, thou wast fresh and fair,
As those sweet flowers of thine;
Now, shut from sunny light and air,
How canst thou choose but pine?
Neglected flows thy raven hair,
Like the uncurled vine.

Look on her work!—no common mind
Arranged that glowing group—
Wild wreaths the stately roses bind,
Sweet bells above them droop—
Ye almost see the sportive wind
Parting the graceful troop!

Look on her work!—but look the more
On her unwearied heart,
And put aside the chamber-door
That doth the daughter part
From her dear mother, who before
Taught her this cunning art.

She sleeps—that mother, sick and pale—
She sleeps—and little dreams
That she, who doth her features veil
All day, in fitting gleams
Of anxious hope, this hour doth hail,
But not for happy dreams.

God bless her in her low employ,
And fill those earnest eyes
With visions of the coming joy,
Waiting her sacrifice,
When they, who give her this employ,
Pay her its stinted price!

Think how her trembling hand will clasp
The treasure it will hold,
With that which seems a greedy grasp—
Yet not for love of gold:
That look—that sigh's relieving gasp
Its deeper springs unfold.

Think how her hasty feet will roam
The market and the street,
To purchase for her humble home
The food and clothing meet,
And with what gladness she will come
Back to her poor retreat!

Poor maiden! if the fair ones who
Thy graceful 'brother' buy,
Only one half thy struggles knew,
And still a pity,
Methinks some drop of pity's dew
Would gild the proud eye!

It is not here its full reward
Thy gentle heart will prove;
Here never will thy lot be hard,
But there is Ours above
Who sees, and will not disregard
Thy consecrated love.

From the Limerick Morning Star.

NO TURNING BACK.

I knew a friend, if one such friend you boast,
Who scorned to bend the servile knee of homage
To worldly pomp, and pride, and in feeling
Sublime, and holy words talked of sins forgiven,
And of peace with God, and of consolation vast,
And of eternal joys. The gorgeous East hung
O'er the dusky locks of angels to his Vision.
The noon-day sun disclosed the eye
Of Omnipotence; and at evening the
Wanton clouds which hung around Aurora's
Descending car, sporting with his golden rays,
Ere yet they plunged beneath Pacific's rolling
Flood, waved all the soul in devotion's holy lay.
Raptures ended spontaneous burst, and
Prayer, uprising like incense, burned most
Acceptably before Jehovah's throne, and
O'er him the bright smiles of Heaven were spread.
A season, then passed by; glaucous clouds arose.
By the flicks made the man was scorned, and
Dangers gathered around his head; and hope
Out-stretched her trembling wings for distant flight—
Health retired, and sorrow came and tears—
Yet he stood and smiled, waving high the bright
Banner of the cross. A sparkling fire lit
Up his unbleached eye, and resolution
Stem stood forth on his firm and manly brow.
Loudly he posted the inspiring battle-phrase,
No turning back. His soul was tried, and firm
Remained. God and angels came to set him free.
The enemies that pressed him sore, and
Faced his righteous soul, now fled in dismay,
And the foes that would have crushed him in the
Dust, had he but yielded again, were filled with fear
On this noble man and conqueror marched,
And laurels gathered of undying worth.

No turning back! O youth, a weary road
Spreads out before you! Hidden grief lurks there,
And burning fires of vice lie smouldering there,
And Disappointment's clutching pains wait there,
But far ahead, up in the height of heaven
Glitters a star. O let thy constant gaze
Be fixed upon that star; step not away,
But, looking on the brightness of the guide
Press forward to the end and fulfilment.

D. M. L. R.

Middlebury, Aug. 12, 1843.

From the Christian World.

THE VERDICT.

A cry was heard in Heaven,
A groan from the oppressed;
A sufferer asked admission there,
His birth-right to attest.
He told a tale of woe,
Which made the angels weep;
And as he spoke the Oppressor's wrong,
His agony, how deep!
He asked for some redress
In Heaven's high court above;
And craved to know if every soul
Might share its Maker's love.
With burning tears, away from earth
He sped his upward flight;
But soon, illumed with joyous smiles,
Returned, in radiance bright.
But mark the verdict back he bore,
His heavenly claim to show:
'Twas written in one flaming line,
'Man, let thy brother go!'

IN AFFLICTION.

Father, thy will, not mine, be done;
So prayed on earth thy suffering Son,
So in his name I pray:
My spirit fails, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek,
O take this cup away!
If such be thy sovereign will,
The wisest purpose then fulfil,
My wishes I resign;
Into thine hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

MONTGOMERY

MISCELLANY.

Northampton Community.

Friend Rogers, in his last Herald of Freedom, gives, in his usual inimitable and soul-moving and soul-reviving style, the following sketch of this home of humanity, and the sect-bound and priest-ridden region with which it is surrounded:

NORTHAMPTON COMMUNITY,
August 11, 1843.

Dear J. R. F.: I remain still at this interesting place—having been here most of the time for a week. I am getting highly interested in this young republic. It is not, of course, a political sense in which I use the word, but a social and brotherly one. Here are some 130 or 140 people, men, women and children, of almost every age, from all ranks in society, and from almost all countries in Christendom—engaged in the voluntary and kindly attempt of living and getting a living together. Not in an incorporated state—but an aggregation of individuals. They are laboring side by side, without competition, or rivalry, or selfishness, in the hardy work of the world. It is a peculiar body, and of peculiar individual character. I have never seen together so numerous a company, with such free and happy characteristics. I have never seen such cheerful, hopeful countenances, and such easy and interesting manners and deportment.

A very considerable portion of them live together in a large building erected for a silk factory, and it part occupied now for that purpose. It is parted into ample rooms by thin, temporary partitions, which would not look like the highest degree of comfort or elegance, in private and exclusive dwellings, but which, in the infancy of affairs here, answer excellently well in lieu of both. There seems to be no lack of convenience or comfort, or, indeed, of neatness and good style—such is the transforming and accommodating power of good feeling, and disinterested and fraternal spirit. They have about 500 acres of land—some of it high and airy—and beautiful for building. This overlooks the meadow, which is large enough for all their agriculture, and is fertile land—and through it runs a little river, some 30 feet wide, having on it a grand water power, for any kind of machinery. The river is bordered in places with sweet shade trees, which add greatly to the beauty of the place. When the whole is put in midwinter trim, it will be one of the most beautiful places in the land. It is what a modern British noble would choose to transform into a superb seat, now there is no longer occasion for fortresses and strong holds—there being no good chance for these on the Community grounds.

They hold business meetings every Saturday night. At these all are present who choose, without distinction. Male and female, old and young, all having equal right to speak, and, I suppose, to vote. There may be some limitations as to voting. But children may speak among them. It is not a shame for either women or children to speak in this church. The result will be, that both women and children will have opinions, and not be liable to the imposition and misleading generally practised upon them elsewhere. Sunday, they generally meet for lectures and discourses, in a grand water-worship going on among them. Idolatry is free there, only it can't live long where there is freedom for any thing else. The Community meeting-house, for fair weather, is underneath a beautiful spreading pine, standing on the high ground. The branches shoot out like new organization's picture of the world. This is a real tree of life, and its shade and branches would prove a perfect umbrella to the sun, and a tolerable one in a slight rain. Free seats are planted under the tree. I never was in a finer cathedral. It would be a paradise to pray there, every thing is so open and free. I saw among the congregation men from India, from Germany, from Scotland, from Canada, from Old England, intermingled with fugitives from American slavery. Every one of them free, and at home.

The Community are very generous and noble-hearted about admitting members. They don't keep applicants out because they have no money, or skill, or even reputation. They give an asylum to all humanity that is outcast from the world. An application has been made in behalf of the wife of one C. Colt, who was to have been hung in New-York, had he not defied the sheriff and clergy by suicide. His unhappy widow is, of course, scouted from all respectable and pious society. Application was made in her behalf to the Northampton community, and they gave her a welcome. Christ would have pity on the wife of a man who had been hanged, and had had any where to invite an outcast to take refuge. No calculations as to its effect on the reputation or pecuniary interest of the Community. The Community is not a reputation. They are independent. They don't want any reputation. They are where they can do right, and they do it fearlessly. The hardest workers among them said of poor Caroline Colt, let her come, without hesitation. It was worth a journey there to hear them say it. They have thirty or forty children among them. These will make grand members when they grow up, though they are helpless and ignorant. They are in debt for their place, some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars—but they feel confident they can pay it, and have a wholesome desire to see it paid. They rely mainly on their skill and lumber, I believe, to furnish the means.

They work an accession of smart and capable working men, and of sensible and capable working women, and of hardy and disinterested undergoers for want of them. Every body thinking to go there, ought to be apprised of this. I think, however, few would feel them much, after getting there and engaged in the work.

The country about is full of money and misrepresentation concerning them. The clergy of course are malignant and slanderous enough. They scold the Community as infidels and atheists, no-Sabbath people, and no-marriage. All that can be truly charged upon them is, that every individual has the right of opinion, and opinions are, consequently, pretty various.

Their moral character is far above that of the religious world around them. How their association will finally succeed, or ought to succeed, I can't yet say. I am not inclined, at present, to retreat into such a state. I think it my duty rather to stay amid the great community, destitute of communion as it is, and go for communalizing the whole.

It may be, that examples of this kind must be furnished to the world to show how any nation to begin the reform—and it may also be, that small communities like this are as large as can dwell in common. There can be no harm in trying the Northampton Community—for to leave it is as free as to enter it. Not like the lodge or the church. All the tracks to the paths to these ends, as the fox and the lion's den, are open to you. You can go in at the door—but the way out is leading over the battlements, or was so, till modern come-outers opened a gateway, the path from which is now well worn by straightforward feet.

Northampton is the most beautiful village I have ever seen in New-England. It would be a great deal more beautiful were the houses all more scattered. But there is a business portion of the place, where trade has crowded the buildings together to the inconvenient and unsightly thickness they are obliged to in the city, far want of land, but which there is no lack of here. Round Hill is one of the choicest sites for a human abode in this side world, I venture to guess. I have seen round about London, as well as round about Boston, and none of their hills equal Round Hill. And one of the nicest dwellings in it I ever beheld. A little too grandish for anti-slavery fancy, but a very unexceptionable looking abode for a pretty costly one. It stands back up near a heavy, open wood, that crowns the Hill, and with a slope before it as green as Paradise—stretching down to the village it overlooks, at just the right height to see all their glory and beauty, those boundless meadows, and the glorious Connecticut. The landscape need not be surpassed, whether or not it can be. It made me, as it was so beautiful. A retired man-jockey, alias slave-trader, occupies one of the most princely habitations in sight. I wonder if he has got the blood probably see nothing of his stain, nor any thing but his overgrown opulence and pomp of abode. His name is Napier.

I rode with beloved friend Garrison 20 miles up the Connecticut. We passed all the way through those tremendous meadows far as Egypt, after an hour's tedium, through the famous old ruins of Deerfield, laid down in a sea of intervals, and covered all up with ancient elms and buttonwoods. We passed Bloody Brook, in a low valley, where 70 or 80 young patriot warriors were killed by the Indians. A monument stands there to their memory—but none (of marble) to the unfortunate aborigines, the whole region of the valley of the Connecticut is a monument to their, pilgrim barbarity, and puritan meanness. The Romans used to upbraid the Punic fides of the Carthaginians. Humanity

should upbraid the Puritan fides of these bloody forefathers of ours, who butchered the noble natives, and laid waste their country with fire and sword, and then reared upon its civilized ruins temples to their own bloody gods, which now stand here mocking the skies with their impudent steeples. Where are those natives that once tenanted these valleys? Let New-England meeting-houses answer, if they dare. And let them also say where the slave of the country now is. That they have got to answer, and to answer for.

We went up to Mount Holyoke—a ridge of about a thousand feet above the river. The view of the soil below is very singular from its summit, but its features are so soft and delicate to be seen from such a height. It looks almost a blank of pale striped green. We went up Sunday, while the descendants of the old Indian-killing pilgrims were carrying on the idolatrous and ferocious worship below us, in heartless Northampton. A worship which would kill Stephen Foster for disquieting it, as promptly as their pious ancestor would butcher a wigwag of helpless Indians, 200 years ago. And perhaps half that time ago, they would have murdered us for thus desecrating their worship-day. They would do it now, indeed, if the secular times were not a little too softened to allow them in it. Worship is very bloody-minded. It always was. Thanks to the humanity of our day, that declines honoring worship in the blood of the bloodless, an writing too a letter for so small a paper, and such generous patience as belongs to its readers.

And am theirs and yours, affectionately,
N. P. R.

N. HANIEL P. ROGERS, of Concord, N. H., (says the Amesbury Transcript,) writes letters for the 'Liberator,' with the signature, 'The Old Man of the Mountains.' Just hear the 'Old Man' discourse about the virtues of cold water and the evils of getting drunk:

'I worship water, almost. There is a pond of it, fringed round with great maples and 'Notch' birches, almost under my feet. I long for it sometimes hot noons. But I have to take my drinks from the clouds. I gape for them when they drift by, like a shell-fish, fastened to the rocks, for my submarine prey. Sometimes a lucky hurricane drives one, as full charged as it can float, and cold almost to hail, right into my mountain jaws. I inhibit it like a leviathan drinking the Euphrates. And no spring water you get below is so cold. It is all but ice. You would not think it from the dish-water you get generally, when it gets down to you. Hardly any thing has the refreshing chill of a high mountain cloud.

Why don't we find rum-clouds, by the way, as well as water-clouds? For the plain reason, I suppose, that God makes the clouds, and He never makes rum. What a fate would be mine, if He should permit me to drink rum, and I should be obliged to run to the summit, and His mountain winds drift it in clouds into my face and eyes here, and I should have to swallow a thunder-shower of it—and get drunk! I would stagger, then, as I have seen tipsy men! I would look queer to the natives. I reckon, feeling about here from Moosehill to the top of Mount Holyoke, that I should be obliged to run to the summit, and His mountain winds drift it in clouds into my face and eyes here, and I should have to swallow a thunder-shower of it—and get drunk! I would stagger, then, as I have seen tipsy men! I would look queer to the natives. 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